

Interview with
LEAH (BUNDY) JENSEN

March 31, 1969

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

**UTAH TECH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
ST. GEORGE, UTAH**

#1969-070AB

Utah Tech University provides access to its collections as an unaltered, authentic historical record to aid in the research and understanding of history, while acknowledging their impact on various peoples and groups. Some collection materials are reflective of past cultures and prejudices, including images or words that are inherently offensive, insensitive and harmful. The University does not support, condone or endorse these harmful ideas, behaviors or attitudes, and they do not reflect the official opinion of the University. Rather, the University embraces a culture that prioritizes diversity and inclusion, as demonstrated in the University's Mission, Core Themes and Values.

Final editing was completed in 2009.
For permission to use any part of this transcript contact:

Special Collections and Archives
Utah Tech University Library
Holland Centennial Commons 330
Utah Tech University
St. George, UT 84770
(435) 634-2087
specialcollections@utahtech.edu

INDEX

Arizona Strip	13, 14
Arthritis	14
Beaver Dam, AZ	15
Boiled Pudding	10
Bundy, Abraham [paternal grandfather]	15
Bundy, Chester “Chet” Marion [uncle]	8
Bundy, David [brother]	10
Bundy, Doretta Marie (Iverson) [mother]	6
Bundy, Edna [aunt]	13, 18
Bundy, Ella (Anderson) [paternal grandmother]	15
Bundy, Helen [sister]	11
Bundy, Ina [aunt]	13
Bundy, James “Jim” [uncle]	15
Bundy, Lillie Belle [aunt]	15
Bundy, Newell [brother]	9, 10
Bundy, Omer “Dick” [uncle]	15
Bundy, Roy [father]	6, 8, 14, 15
Bunker, Steven [missionary]	15
Burgess, Don	20
Burns, Mike	28
Canning Fruit	17
Cattle	6
Cedar Mountain, UT	20
Childhood Diseases	11, 12
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, The	13, 33
Colonia Morelos, Mexico	15, 16
Courtship	18, 19
Dan’s Accident	26
Dances	13, 18
Darden, Bill	24
Dick’s Café	19
Driving	8, 9
Dry Farming	6
Fourth of July	12
Frog Canyon	9 - 11
Future Farmers of America [FFA]	22, 28, 29
Granger Hotel	19

Hammer, Dick	19
Hardy, Warren	18
Iverson, Hans Peter [maternal grandfather]	16
Iverson, Juliana Johanna Dorothea (Christianson) [maternal grandmother]	16
Iverson, Willard [uncle]	16
Jensen, Abigail Christina (Abbott) [mother-in-law]	22
Jensen, Andrew Ray [son]	30
Jensen, Eva (Darden) [Larry Wayne's wife]	24, 25
Jensen, Jeffery "Jeff" Linn [son]	27 - 29
Jensen, John [father-in-law]	22
Jensen, Kelly Bundy [son]	29
Jensen, Kevin [nephew]	30
Jensen, Larry Wayne [son]	23, 24, 28
Jensen, Leah (Bundy)	6
Jensen, Melburn [husband]	19, 21
Jensen, Melburn Kenneth "Ken" [son]	22, 23
Jensen, Paul Trenton [son]	30
Jensen, Phillip Orvel [son]	31, 32
Jensen, Richard [son]	30
Jensen, Rodney Laine [son]	30, 31
Jensen, Theron [nephew]	30
Kenworthy Boys	13
Leavitt, Gwen	19
Lumber	20
McGregor, Dr. Alpine Watson	22
Mt. Trumbull	15
Mesquite, NV	20
Military Service	20
Model-T Ford	12
Nixon Springs	13
Prayer	17
Pulsipher, Ernest "Ernie"	19
Pulsipher, Stuart	19
Quail Canyon	6
Reading	18
Reber, Christine (Jensen) [daughter]	25, 26, 28

Reber, Dan Rumell [Christine's husband]	26
Reid, Mr.	29
Rogers, Gwendolyn [teacher]	7
School	7
Seminary	13
Sheep	6
Testimony	33
Tobler, Cloyd	19
Trip to Corvallis, OR	20 - 22
Twenty Fourth of July (July 24 th)	12
Wedding	20

LEAH (BUNDY) JENSEN

Leah (Bundy) Jensen was interviewed on March 31, 1969 in Mesquite, Nevada by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voices of Remembrance Foundation. She related her personal history of living in various parts of Arizona, Utah and Nevada.

FH: Would you please give your full name?

LJ: [My name is] Leah (Bundy) Jensen.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

LJ: [I was born] November 16, 1923.

FH: [Where were you born]?

LJ: [I was born at] Mt. Trumbull, Arizona.

FH: Where is Mt. Trumbull?

LJ: It is sixty miles south of St. George [Washington County] Utah.

FH: [What was] your father's name?

LJ: [My father's name] was Roy Bundy

FH: [What was] your mother's [full] name?

LJ: [Her name was] Doretta Marie (Iverson) Bundy.

FH: Can you tell some [events] of your early childhood? What [do] you remember?

LJ: I came from a large family and we had a happy home. My mother and father were very dear to me.

FH: [Were] you living in a farming area?

LJ: At that time, it was mostly ranching [with] cattle. My dad had both sheep and cattle. Later on, they tried dry farming. They had [very] good success the first two or three years with it; then the grass was too dry —.

FH: Was it good dry-farming country until the drought came?

LJ: Yes.

FH: Do you remember anything about your childhood and your playmates?

LJ: We didn't have too many friends other than our cousins [who] lived within a mile or two of us at that time. I only remember coming to St. George [Washington County, Utah] a few times as a child. Later on, it seemed like my dad gave us each a chance to come. He did a lot of trucking and we [took] turns coming into St. George once a year. That was our vacation.

FH: Was it a big occasion when you got a chance to go to town?

LJ: Yes. He always gave us \$.50 or \$1.00 and we had the most fun [spending it]. We could go to the show, have ice cream and all kinds of goodies that we weren't used to for just \$1.00. [Laughter]

FH: That was quite a bit of money in those days.

LJ: Yes, it was. [Laughter]

FH: Can you tell about your [education]?

LJ: I went from the first grade to the eighth grade at the one-room school [on] Mt. Trumbull. They had all eight grades in one room. We had to walk a mile to school and back [home] again. We carried our lunch with us. We would get tired of carrying [a] lunch and some of us would get disgusted and set it down on the trail. [Then] on our way home we would eat our lunch. [Laughter]

FH: Did you ever have it disappear while you were gone?

LJ: No, it was always waiting for us. [Laughter] We usually carried it in a metal gallon honey bucket.

FH: How did you feel about your [education]? Was it good? Did you have good teachers?

LJ: Most of the time we had [very] good teachers. I liked most all of our teachers. We [had] some, later on, [when] it seemed like they could not get a job anywhere else, so they came out on the ranch where no one else, the good teachers, would come. There were some [teachers who] were not too good.

FH: Some teachers are dedicated teachers no matter where they are.

LJ: Yes, that is right. I especially liked my eighth grade teacher, Mrs. Gwendolyn Rogers. She helped me a lot. She was the one who gave me my chance to go to St. George to high school. She asked me to come and stay with her. I baby sat her children and helped with her housework to pay for my board and room.

FH: How much high school [education] were you able to get in St. George?

LJ: I was able to [go] two and a half years. I started my third year in high school when my father became very ill. My mother was alone with the younger children and she felt like she [needed help]. I was kind of my dad's favorite in that way. He wanted me to come home and I was the only one [who] was able to. My other sisters were married and gone [from home]. I was the oldest girl —

FH: [You were] the oldest one still [at] home.

LJ: — [who] could go back and help with him.

FH: Were you quite close with your father during these growing-up years?

LJ: Yes, he called me his right-hand man most [of] the time! [Laughter] My brothers were off with the sheep and the cattle a lot. I drove the truck so he was able to get around and see about his ranch and his business. We had a store and he would go to St. George and haul supplies out. I remember the first time I drove the truck we were coming from the shearing pens and were loaded with a big truckload of wool. My uncle, Chester ["Chet" Marion] Bundy, started out to drive the truck, but when we reached his ranch he slid out [of the truck] and said "I will walk across." So dad told me to slide over and that was the first time I drove [the truck]. I had played with the gears before and knew where they went. I drove it on home, and from that time on, I drove the truck for my dad most [of] the time. I would drive it to St. George and back with supplies. I remember when he traded his pick-up [truck]. I drove it when I was sixteen [years old]. [This was] before I had my driver's license. I don't know why he dared let me. Anyway, [we] drove to Salt Lake City [Salt Lake County] Utah and bought a ton and a half truck. I went to the capitol building and got my driver's license and drove it back home.

FH: You went clear [up to Salt Lake City] without a driver's license all by yourself to get it?

LJ: Yes.

FH: [Laughter] You would have been in a pickle if you hadn't passed [the test]!

LJ: I'll say I would have! [Laughter] I didn't take the truck to get my driver's license. They had a car up there that I used to drive in, but I told them that I didn't have my driver's license, [that] my dad was a cripple and I needed to drive. They were [very] lenient with me.

FH: You probably knew how to drive by that time.

LJ: I had had quite a [bit of] experience. I remember coming from St. George up in Quail Canyon [on the Arizona Strip]. It is a steep dugway. My mother, when she

came to town, she would always get out of the car at the top and walk down so you know how steep it was. There were very few places [where] cars could pass on this dugway. I was coming up a [fairly] steep climb and the truck stalled for some reason and started rolling backwards. I banked it, anyway; we didn't go off grade. Both my father and I were praying and that was a real testimony to me. We did back down and I was able to bank it because there was a space there on both sides that [had] no bank at all.

FH: You had a guardian angel along.

LJ: Yes, I really felt like I did.

FH: I should say so. You had a trip down on the Colorado [River] that you ought to tell about.

LJ: Yes. In the fall we would take our cattle down next to the Colorado River. My older brothers had gone to [military] service, so it was just myself and my younger brother, Newell [Bundy] who was two years younger than me. We had the job of driving these cattle down.

FH: Can you tell how far away that was?

LJ: It was about fifteen [or] twenty miles or [maybe] more. I don't remember just exactly how far it was down there, but it took a long, hard day to get [there] from down into the canyon.

FH: You are about right, [it is] about fifteen or twenty miles.

LJ: We stayed there. We had to stay down there because we had to see that [the cattle had] water. There were big sandstones down there with pockets of water. We had to dip [the] water off into tubs for the cattle to drink. There was [water] down in Frog [Spring, but it] is a very steep trail and the cattle didn't like to go down there. When the water in these sand pockets went dry, we would have to force them down. It was a steep trail and they [would not] go unless they had to go.

FH: You really [had to] push them?

LJ: [Yes], push them down in there because it was so steep. I have wanted to go back. I haven't been back there for [at least] thirty years. I think back [about] all the daring things we did that winter. I know we would go down into Frog Canyon (a short way we thought) rather than go down the trails when we didn't have to take the cattle down. We would put our feet against one side of the sandstone and our back against [the other side]. I know it was around forty-five or fifty feet we would go down [in] this way. We would have to go back up the trail, but we could get down. The crack was just wide enough for us to put our feet against one side, our back against the other and let ourselves down this way. I think of this now —

FH: I doubt you would dare to do that now.

LJ: No, I am sure I wouldn't and I wouldn't dare to let any of my children [laughter] do it either. They call it Jerusalem in Stones down there. There are huge sandstones; it is [very] beautiful. You can get down into these crevices and look up and see stars in the daytime. In some of these places there are the [largest] —

FH: I would like to see that myself.

LJ: — cedar trees down there [that] you [have] ever seen. It snowed that winter and we had slept under a huge sandstone rock. It was just high enough for us to get our bedroll under. We couldn't turn over after we got [the bedrolls] under, but that was where we [were] out from under the snow. It had snowed about an inch down there.

FH: Did you take food along to last you for a long time?

LJ: Yes. We would have a packhorse with a pack on. We would take our food down. We would come out every two or three weeks. One time we stayed down there [because] we couldn't leave the cattle on account of the water shortage. We stayed down there. We laugh about [it to] this day! We stayed down there a week after we had run out of all our groceries. [We had] flour and canned milk and I would make lumpy dick. [Lumpy dick is a boiled pudding of water, flour, salt, milk and sugar.] It tasted like this old-fashioned wallpaper paste. [Laughter] It didn't lump too well! I would stir it until it was too smooth, but we lived on that for a week before we could come back out and get supplies.

I remember I had a great big (what color would you call him) smoky-colored horse named "Dick." He belonged to my brother, David [Bundy]. Newell had a little mustang horse, a mare, that he called "Possum." We would be riding along and "Dick" was hard bitted and he would get up next to me [as if to] say "I can beat you." All "Dick" would have to do is duck his head and old "Possum" was off. I couldn't hold "Dick" so we would really have a race. He would do this —

FH: There will be some people who will not know what it means when you say hard bitted. Could you explain what this means?

LJ: It is hard to stop a horse. He would —

FH: They get the bit in their teeth and pull it —

LJ: And you can't pull him up. He was [very] hard to rein. Many times, Newell didn't realize how close he had to come to breaking my neck because we would come right up to a gate and [the horse] would hit all fours to stop. He would just be running full speed [when] he would come to [a] gate. He was a reckless little

rascal and I couldn't tell him. I guess I was just as bad.

FH: It sounds like you were a pair alright.

LJ: [Laughter] Of course [Newell and "Possum"] never could beat me, but could get my horse ["Dick"] to run. He [would] do it just to make him run and [I] would [have] trouble stopping him.

FH: It sounds like you had a lot of fun down there. Did you?

LJ: Yes, we really did.

FH: Did it get lonesome?

LJ: I don't know; we never were afraid of anything. We always had something to do. We had to look after the cattle, we had to water them and check on them —

FH: How many cattle were there?

LJ: My dad had around 150 [head].

FH: Wow! That was a big obligation you were taking care of.

LJ: Yes.

FH: In your younger years, did you have any sickness or accidents?

LJ: I remember my older sister, Helen [Bundy], used to drive the truck a lot for dad before I [was] old enough [and] before she left home. She would drive into St. George to get supplies. It seemed like she was the one [who] brought all [of] the diseases out to Mt. Trumbull. At least she [was] accused of it! She was the first one to come down with everything that came out [our] way. She came down with the mumps and mama isolated her in the bedroom. Nobody could go in but mama. She had already had [the mumps]. Eventually, we all got [the mumps] anyway. [It] seems like [the] mumps were worse those days than they are now. Our jaws swelled up so we couldn't eat for three [or] four days or a week or more.

FH: How old were you when you [had] the mumps?

LJ: I don't know exactly, but I was [probably] around four or five [years old]. I remember having the chicken pox and smallpox when I was a very young child.

FH: Did these diseases hit [fairly] hard? Were you [very] sick?

LJ: Yes. We were [very] sick with smallpox. We all had [smallpox] almost at once and mother had her hands full taking care of us all. I remember lying [in bed] for

- what seemed like weeks. I don't know just how long it was, but [I was lying] in a dark room. [The pox] would itch.
- FH: [It can] drive you out your mind! Were there any doctors to take care of you?
- LJ: No, we depended on the Lord. I think now-a-days, maybe we depend too much on the doctors [and] we don't use enough faith. Mother did the best she could with what she had and we always prayed about sickness and [events] like this.
- FH: Was there anything of an amusing nature, that you can remember, when you were a youngster?
- LJ: I remember when my dad got his first Model-T Ford. He was driving it up the road and we came to a gate. Instead of grabbing the brake he said, "Whoa, whoa, whoa" and he went right through it! [Laughter] I thought that was quite funny. He never did get over that. For the longest time, as long as we had that Model-T Ford, he would just say "Whoa, whoa, whoa" when we came to a gate. [Laughter]
- FH: He was used to driving a team?
- LJ: Yes. Our home was on a hill, quite a steep incline, and down off to the side of the hill we had a store. One Sunday morning he was anxious and ready to go to church so he was backing the truck down. A few of us were hanging on the side. Mother called from the door [for us] to get off the running boards of the truck. So we got off. Dad couldn't make the turn sharp enough and he ran right through the store and come out the back! [Laughter]
- FH: It was a good thing you weren't hanging on then!
- LJ: Yes, I will say it is! We always had good times on July Fourth and the Twenty-Fourth [of July]. I will always remember that my mother made us girls new dresses [for those holidays]. It seemed like [those were] the only new dresses we ever had. She always managed to make us all something new for the Fourth and Twenty-Fourth [of July]. We would look forward to [those holidays]. We would go down to the schoolhouse, have races and a big family dinner, a community dinner. The whole valley, ranchers from miles around, would come. The mailman or someone [else] would go into St. George and bring out ice. We would always have homemade ice cream and a great big [feast] —
- FH: That must have been [inaudible].
- LJ: — [and] then a dance that night. We had a [very] good time. I remember sometimes we would go up on the mountain [where] we would have baseball games and races. The people from the mountain gathered with us there. They had a big barn up [at] Nixon Springs [on the Arizona Strip]. We would have a dance up in the loft of [the] barn and it was real fun.

FH: [Could you] tell about [the] music for those dances?

LJ: A lot of times we didn't have too much music. I know [there were] lot of times [when] we would just have a harmonica. My cousin would play [his harmonica] as he danced and we all had a good time. I had an aunt Edna [Bundy who] would [play] chords [on] the piano when we had [the dance] down at the schoolhouse. She would chord and he would play the harmonica. [There were] times when the young folks from St. George and Fredonia [Arizona] would come with guitars, banjos and accordions. When the Kenworthy boys came to live on the mountain, they always furnished us with good music. They played guitar, banjo and piano. They were [very] talented.

FH: During these years, were you active in [The] Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] activities?

LJ: We always went to church. Very few Sundays I ever remember missing church. [The day] started around 10:30 or 11:00 [in the morning with] Sunday school. We never had [any] classrooms at all. The schoolhouse was just one room. When it was nice weather, we had classes all around the [outside of the] schoolhouse. We would go outside and sit around.

FH: In most cases, [did] you try to have the different age levels for those classes?

LJ: Yes. We had Primary [and] I remember going. I was the secretary in Primary after I [was] a little older. I remember they had MIA [Mutual Improvement Association]. When I [was] old enough to go, they never had MIA out there very much at all. I [only] remember going to MIA once or twice.

FH: It was probably impossible to carry on a full [line of] programs.

LJ: Yes.

FH: [You received] some [education] in St. George. Were you able to get some seminary work there?

LJ: Yes. I attended seminary all of [the] second year [that] I went to high school.

FH: Did you enjoy religious education?

LJ: Yes, I really enjoyed it, I really liked it.

FH: Have you participated in doing baptisms for the dead in the temple?

LJ: Yes, [but] I don't remember too much [about it]. It seemed like I came a time or two when we lived out on the ranch, but most of [my experience] has been since I

have been married. We have gone quite a few times since [our marriage].

FH: Tell about your father and [what] you remember about his personality. How [did] he treat you?

LJ: As a child, I thought my dad was quite hard on us. He made us work. A lot of times it seems like my cousin's dad didn't keep them busy. They would go off for a joy ride or something, but we always had corn to hoe or something [we had to do]. He always had something for us to do. We were always kept [fairly] busy and I thought he was kind of hard on us. But as I look back, I don't know what more I could say, what appreciation I could show my dad than to thank him for [teaching] me how to work, because it has really been a blessing to me to be able to know how to work.

FH: Have you learned to appreciate this after you grew up? [Laughter]

LJ: Yes. [Laughter]

FH: Would you tell a little more about your father's illness?

LJ: I was very young when his arthritis started.

FH: [Was it] rheumatoid arthritis?

LJ: Yes, it was [very] painful. He was in terrible pain. I remember mama going into St. George and staying with him for a long time. [It was] several months that they were there. My older sisters and brothers took care of us out [on the Arizona Strip]. I only remember him being in bed [and] suffering. He got better for awhile and could walk, but he walked stiff-legged. I can't ever remember my dad not having something —

FH: [Did he have] a limp of some kind?

LJ: Yes. It was just a short time after he was home [when] he walked stiff-legged and had to use crutches. Finally, he got so he couldn't straighten his legs at all; he was just in a sitting position. He couldn't straighten his legs at night. [It was] like he was sitting down is all and he —

FH: That is hard.

LJ: Yes, it is. Wherever he went, we carried him for years. I can remember my sister, Helen, squatting down by his bed and [he would] get on her back. [She would] carry him that way a lot of times. [We] smaller children would carry him with one on each side having our arm under his armpit and [have] a hold of him under his knee like that. We would carry him like that. Finally, when the pain had gone, he fixed [some pads]. [He] took a car tire and cut it and fixed straps on it so he could

buckle it around his knees. He walked like that and cut off his crutches [so] he walked on his knees. He walked like this. He was such a determined person that he walked and worked [in] that [position]. He would dig ditches. I know, [in] his last years in St. George, before he [was] too bad, he would clean out his irrigation ditch. He had a little shovel and would crawl around and clean out his irrigation ditch.

He would go until he had sores on his knees. He would work everyday, you would wonder how he could stand it, until it [would be] so bad [that] he would have to be off for two or three weeks. [When his knees] healed up he would go again. He had more determination [and] will power than any other person I have [known].

FH: [Do] you have a tremendous memory of your father?

LJ: Yes, he was a great man. He was a bishop for twelve years.

FH: Was that [in] [Mt.] Trumbull?

FH: Yes. I remember [during] tithing settlement time I would help him. If there was a penny missed, or short, we would work for days to find where that penny went.

FH: It had to be perfect?

LJ: Yes.

FH: What do you know about his parents?

LJ: My grandpa and grandma [Abraham and Ella (Anderson)] Bundy were [very] dear to me. They were converts to the church. They came from [Nebraska] in a covered wagon. My dad, I think, was [around] six or nine [years old]. I am not sure [of] his age. The children who came in the covered wagon were: my aunt Lillie [Belle], then my dad, uncle [James] "Jim", uncle [Omer] "Dick" [Bundy], and aunt Ina [Bundy]. They came to Bunkerville [Nevada].

FH: [Did] they come by assignment [from the church]?

LJ: It was [Steven] Bunker, [who] was a missionary from Bunkerville [who] converted them. Then they moved up to Littlefield [and] Beaver Dam, Arizona. My grandfather owned all of Beaver Dam at one time. Then they went to Mexico from there, I think, and came back to Kaolin, Nevada. [Later, they went] to Oregon and then they moved out to Mt. Trumbull [on the Arizona Strip].

FH: [Were] they part of [a] polygamist colony in Mexico?

LJ: No. They never belonged to the —

FH: They weren't polygamists, but they were in the same unit down there —

LJ: I think [it was Colonia] Morelos [Sonora, Mexico].

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

LJ: I remember my dad telling stories of how he dodged the Mexicans. He was one of the last to come out.

FH: Was he one of the ones left there to bring out the livestock, if they could?

LJ: I don't know whether he was —

FH: Didn't they think they could go back?

LJ: Yes. They thought that they could come out and, if things had worked out, they might be able to go back, but they [couldn't return].

FH: What can you tell about your mother?

LJ: I don't know; I guess I was just raised [laughter] a strong Bundy child! I didn't know my mother's parents too well. My grandmother [Juliane Johanna Dorothea (Christensen)] Iverson lived with us one winter, I remember. She was a little, tiny woman who was [very] sweet. We all enjoyed her. She lived with my uncle, Willard [Iverson], at Mt. Trumbull on [a] ranch. We lived, it must have been five or six miles away, but we didn't get to see her too much. She lived with us one winter and we really enjoyed her a lot. I [don't] remember my grandfather [Hans Peter] Iverson. He was dead before I was born. He was a polygamist [and] had three wives. I know my mother's brothers and sisters, but I don't know her half-brothers and sisters very well at all.

FH: Do you feel that your mother had a [fairly] hard life?

LJ: I definitely think she had a [very] hard life. She was a [very] good woman. She had to be both father and mother [to us] a lot of the times. She had to take over the hard work when dad was ill. She always worked hard. She had to work hard when they first went out there. They had to melt snow for water to do her washing and to water the cattle.

FH: Does she have it a little easier in [her] later years?

LJ: Yes, she has quite a nice home and yard.

FH: Has she been able to get away from all the [very] hard work?

LJ: Yes, but mama is still a hard worker. She has to bottle [can] so much fruit every year. She never eats it, she gives it to the children, but she has to do this. She can't —

FH: Is she a compulsive hard worker?

LJ: — see a bottle [jar] empty. She has to fill it.

FH: You folks will have to go down and take some of her bottles away! [Laughter]

LJ: [Laughter] I guess! She will never quit as long as she is able. She goes to the temple every day [that] she is able. She does initiatory work [of] about twenty [or] twenty-five names every morning.

FH: Yes, I have met her and I think she is a wonderful person. [Do] you believe in prayer?

LJ: I definitely believe in prayer. What would this world be without prayer?

FH: Do you feel that it has been effective in your life?

LJ: I think it has helped me a great deal in my life. I remember as a child at home we always had morning prayers. We were always on time as well. It was a disgrace if anyone kept the rest of us waiting on our knees. That was the way we were made to feel and it didn't happen very many times. We were all there on time. We always had our prayers, no matter what.

FH: [Was] this before breakfast?

LJ: Yes, right at the breakfast table.

FH: Was this a way of life in your family?

LJ: Yes.

FH: [Do] you still believe in it?

LJ: Yes.

FH: [Do] you still carry [it] on?

LJ: Yes. We try to have family prayers. It is not as steady as my parents had it, we can miss —

FH: [You are] not quite as strict?

LJ: No. Maybe it is because my husband is not as strict as my father. [Laughter]

FH: But you still believe if you needed some help from the Lord you could ask for it and [receive] it.

LJ: Yes, I feel like I have kept the channel open.

FH: Good. Tell about the good times [that] you had growing up. You did have dances. What about special holidays? Did you have any parties?

LJ: We made it a holiday every chance we [could]. If we had any excuse to get together we [did] — and had a dance. It was mostly dancing that we did. Like I said before, we didn't have too much music. As a family at home we weren't too talented with music. Most of us can tag a tune, but by doing so we learned by the phonograph. We would replay the record until we memorized a song and then we could sing. I remember on July Fourth it seemed like I always had to sing a song. I never had an accompanist with me; I would just sing. Usually I would sing *"That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine."* [Laughter]

FH: [While] growing up, did you enter into any sports activities?

LJ: No, only if you could call riding horses a sport. I could ride like an Indian when I was a young girl. I very seldom had a saddle. I could ride bareback when I was younger. I could go like the wind!

FH: Did you have ball games?

LJ: Yes, [on] July Fourth, and at school, we would have ball games.

FH: Have you enjoyed reading?

LJ: I used to love to read. My mother was always calling me [when] I had my nose in a book, it seemed like constantly, when I was going to school or at home. I loved to read. [I read] mostly westerns, Zane Greys books or [books] like that.

FH: Good, we agree! [Laughter] Did you have much opportunity to learn music?

LJ: No, we didn't have any way at all of learning music.

FH: You mentioned the phonograph. I think that was wonderful to be able to have [in your home]. How did your courtship and marriage come about?

LJ: [Laughter] My dad and I were going to Las Vegas, Nevada to see his sister [Edna]. We had a load of pigs we were bringing down to Bunkerville, Nevada to Warren Hardy who lived there. [That] night Warren talked us into staying over. The next day I went to school with his children. I had a good time, but I didn't

notice Melburn [Jensen] that day at all. It was the night [of] his graduation. I still didn't notice him as they were having the graduation exercises. After the graduation exercises they had a dance. Of course, I was quite popular [as] I was a strange girl in town. I was dancing, and Melburn's friend, Cloyd Tobler, dared him to come and ask me for a dance. He was a little shy, so Cloyd danced with me first and then introduced me to Melburn. It was quite like electric shock!
[Laughter]

FH: Was that all it took?

LJ: [Laughter] We danced the rest of the time together.

FH: Wasn't this unusual in that day?

LJ: Yes, it really was. As the dance came to a close, we danced the last set together. Instead of taking me back and saying good night, he kept holding on to my shoulders as we walked down out of the school building's recreation hall. I had become acquainted with Gwen Leavitt and I was going to stay with her that night. She was going with Stuart Pulsipher at the time. Melburn and Stuart were friends so he walked me home to her place. As I stepped on the steps to turn around to say good night, he kissed me and ran! [Laughter] That was the last I saw him for about a year.

FH: I think that was terrible! [Laughter]

LJ: [Laughter] Isn't that though? In the meantime, I went to work in Dick's Cafe in St. George. I worked there until the next rodeo, the Dixie Round Up.

FH: That was over a year [later]?

LJ: Yes, it was a year [later], the next fall. [The rodeo] is in September now. Isn't it?

FH: Then that isn't quite so bad is it! [Laughter]

LJ: Anyway, I came down here. Dick [Hammer] had a cook who ran the Granger Hotel [in Mesquite] at that time. It is not here now. [He] was cooking part-time at Dick's Cafe. During the rodeo rush, he said, "I can't cook unless I get somebody to stay with my wife and help me run the hotel." So I came down. I was here almost a week and was able to go around with another youngster here. We would go out in front of the hotel [where] they had a big cement slab. We would dance to the phonograph — the music box. In the meantime, Stuart Pulsipher told Melburn that I was in town. He lived in this part of town. In those days they didn't get around too much. He came up and I was with [Ernest] "Ernie" Pulsipher that night. We were dancing and Melburn came up and I left "Ernie" and [laughter] went with Melburn. From then on —

FH: You knew already!

LJ: Yes. [Laughter] Then I went to Flagstaff, Arizona and stayed [there] for three or four months. I knew him a year or more before we were married. I went to Las Vegas and worked —

FH: How did he finally get you?

LJ: Maybe I tricked him! [Laughter] He was going to wait until he had it made before he got married. He never could afford to get married. I said if you love me enough, you will marry me now. [Laughter] So we got married. [Laughter]

FH: Where were you married?

LJ: We were married in the St. George Temple on May 26, 1942. We had a reception up there [and] had a good time. All my friends and cousins gave us a bad time and shivareed us. [A shivaree is a noisy celebration for a newly married couple.] We didn't see each other until the next morning. [Laughter] Then we spent our honeymoon, I guess you could call [it] that, at Cedar Mountains [Iron County, Utah] and worked all that summer for lumber. [We] traded [the lumber] to Don Burgess for a little two-room house and two and a half [or] three acres of ground.

FH: Where was that located?

LJ: That was here in Mesquite, Nevada. We really had it rough that summer finding enough to eat because we took all of our wages in lumber so we could trade for this place.

FH: [Did] you really have to live on love?

LJ: Yes, we did! [Laughter] We stayed in [the house] such a short time and then he had to go into [military] service.

FH: Do you think you would do that over again?

LJ: Yes! [Laughter]

FH: How long was he [in] the [United States] Army?

LJ: He was in [military] service [for] nine months. He was in the Medical Corps [stationed at Camp Adair] in Corvallis, Oregon. I called him on his birthday and I [was] so lonesome that I went to see him. I was six months pregnant with my first child and stayed up there just a short time.

FH: Did you come home after the baby came?

- LJ: No, I came home a short time before [the baby was born]. I think he got a furlough [for] about a week because it took us three days [to come] home. In those days we rode the bus.
- FH: I think you had a lot of courage.
- LJ: That was the [most] frightening experience because I was a country girl [and] had never been anywhere by myself. I took the bus [from] Mesquite and went [to] Oregon. [During World] War [II] days [the buses] would pick [people] up in every little town. There was no room [on the bus] to sit down and people would stand [in the bus]. Half the time they would stand until somebody else got off. They would stop in every little town. I guess that is why it probably took us so long [to come home]. [The trip] was three days and three nights.
- FH: Even then, you figured you were lucky to get transportation.
- LJ: Yes. I remember when I [arrived in] Portland, Oregon. I never thought I would see such a big place. Of course, it was nothing compared [to] what it is now-a-days. The bus depot was a block square. The only way you [knew when] your bus was [leaving] was [listening to] the loud speakers. It was a [very] frightening experience for me, but I [became] acquainted with another girl [who] was going to the camp and we went together. After we left Portland, we [arrived in] Corvallis and it was in the night. I waited in that bus depot for an hour or more until the last bus was going out to camp. I hadn't even told Melburn [that] I was coming. I just got on the bus. I sat in that depot on the little old wooden [bench] for a couple of hours. I was [very] tired [from] traveling all that time on that bus. A soldier came up to me and asked me where I was going. I said I would like to go out to Camp [Adair in] Corvallis. He said there was a late bus going out. "Why don't you get on it and I will show you where to go." He helped me out to the PX or whatever they call it.
- FH: [The] Post Exchange.
- LJ: Yes. They had a place there where visitors could stay for two or three days.
- FH: [The] soldiers [inaudible].
- LJ: Yes, then they had to find another place to live. I [arrived at] this place and it was too late [and] they couldn't locate Melburn. The girl at the office said she would keep trying. It wasn't until the next morning that he came. I never rested all that night. I was having one charley-horse after the other in my legs. The walls were like cardboard in the building [where] I was staying. You could hear all the people in the other room and I was so frightened! [Laughter] I stayed there as long as I could. Melburn couldn't get off [duty] to help me find [a place] to stay, so I went into Corvallis. I walked the streets going from door to door because they just didn't have rooms anywhere. [I was] asking for a room to stay [in] and finally

I found a place to stay. [It was] a little room and I stayed there and [found] a job in the five-and-ten-cents store. [I] worked [there] for a month. That was about as long as I could [work]. I stayed a couple of months and then he got a leave and brought me home. I was only home about a month before [Melburn Kenneth] “Ken” [Jensen] was born.

FH: Before we go further with your story about your life, tell about [your] children? Were there ten [children] altogether?

LJ: Yes, ten [children].

FH: [Will you] give their names in order and tell a little bit about each one?

LJ: My first son was named Melburn Kenneth Jensen. He was born July 15, [1943] don’t ask me the years [laughter]; I can [only] remember the birth day. He was a beautiful baby. He weighed eight pounds and was as round as a little butterball. He had a fair complexion [and] was a real joy. His father took leave and was with me when he was born. That was wonderful. Then he [received] an extension [leave] through the [American] Red Cross and was able to stay for another extra week before he went back.

FH: What happened to this child?

LJ: He was a [crying] baby. He bawled for three months and never shut his mouth! [Laughter] Melburn [was discharged from] the service shortly after and came home when “Ken” was about three months [old].

FH: Then he missed most of [the] crying?

LJ: He had his time! One [of us] would sleep while the other [one] would teeter him on their stomach. We would take turns. We were staying with his parents [John and Abigail Christina (Abbott) Jensen]. We hadn’t moved back into our own little house yet. It was hot in the summertime and we would have to leave the doors open. I remember they had a great big yellow dog. I would wake up in the middle of the night and there that dog would be looking in the basket at the baby. That would [laughter] scare me to death! I never did like that dog. [Laughter] That was before we had coolers down here and we had to leave the doors open. He cried and cried. He had large adenoids and had to have his tonsils out when he was ten months old. I remember Doctor A. W [Alpine Watson] McGregor said it was the youngest child [he had] ever [removed adenoids]. He grew up to be a good boy. He always minded and helped with the dairy. We went into the dairy business when he was quite [young] and he was always good [to] help with the chores. He was a regular little man. Sometimes he would crawl off into the feed box and go to sleep at night and I couldn’t find him. [Laughter] [I would] go searching for him but he was good. He grew up and graduated from high school and was FFA [Future Farmers of America] president. He was active in sports, [on the]

basketball team and [ran] track. He [received] recognition in both [sports]. He went to Dixie College [in St. George, Washington County, Utah] for two years. He fulfilled [a LDS] a mission in Florida for two years. He did [very well and] baptized sixty-two souls into the church. He was [an] assistant to the mission president. He had a wonderful experience and brought a lot of blessings to us.

He came home and went to Brigham Young University [Provo, Utah County, Utah] for two years. [After that] he was on his way to [military] service. [He] had a bad knee when he was playing basketball in high school. He had to have the water drained off of his knee several times. He had passed his [military] physical and was being inducted into the service when they asked him again if he had any sickness or [injury] that he knew of that would hold him from going. He said, "Not that I know of, only that I have had knee trouble." The doctor said, "Let's have an x-ray taken." They x-rayed him and found that he has knee mice [damaged cartilage]. It was a calcium deposit about as big around as a quarter. Sometimes, not very often, it strikes him and his knee goes stiff for a few minutes and then it is alright. He was turned down [for military service] on this account. It was [in] September when he [left for] the service and we saw him off. [In] the next two days he called and said he was on his way home.

FH: That didn't make you unhappy?

LJ: No, it didn't! [Laughter] He hurried home and, within an hour, he was on his way to the BYU to go to school. He went two years there [and] wanted to be a veterinarian, but he couldn't get accepted to any veterinary schools. There are only so many [applicants] allowed into vet school [each] year. He wasn't able to get in. The next fall he worked for his cousin Cliven on a big land leveling [job]. He worked until February and then he started back to school at [the College of] Southern Nevada. There he [will] get his teaching certificate this spring [1969]. He will graduate and have to do three months student teaching.

FH: He is coming along where he ought to be. What [can you tell us] about the number two child?

LJ: That is Larry Wayne Jensen. He was born [on] June 29, [1945]. He was a just a little skinny [baby] [laughter], but he grew up to be the biggest one. It didn't take him long. He was such a little skinny [baby] when he was born. He was tall but he was so poor [the way] he looked. He wasn't very cute to look at. I said he scared me to look at him because he was so much different from "Ken" [who was] so round and plump. It wasn't two months until he was roly-poly and so cute. He was the best baby we ever had. He never cried [and] wanted to be left alone. All he wanted to do was be fed and taken care of and put back to his bed to play. There he stayed until he was about nine months old. He didn't want to be bothered. Then he started climbing out of his crib and we had to [put] him on the floor. Before that, he stayed in his crib and all he wanted to be was comfortable and left alone. [Laughter] He was so fat and chubby.

FH: This was unusual?

LJ: Yes, because Ken slept with us after Larry was born. [Laughter] He was that kind of a character where Larry wanted to be left alone. [Laughter] He just grew and filled out [inaudible].

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

LJ: Larry was kind of slow. I remember when he would have chores to do. “Ken” would get right up and do his chores while Larry would put off doing his chores. When he started kindergarten he would just have one shoe on [while] “Ken” was ready to go to school. I would dress him [because] he was slow.

I was kind of afraid [that] he would not be able to take responsibility being the oldest one when “Ken” left, but he filled right in. He took over responsibilities so good and was so helpful. When he went to work after high school we had so many bills. I [asked], “What do you want to do, Larry?” He didn’t want to go on to college [because] he was slow in school. He said “I am going to help you get these bills paid off.” He gave us a lot of money [from] his wages and helped [us] a lot. He was always good about going to church. [He] took part in his priesthood activities [inaudible] travel with him there.

He was out of high school two years when he met Eva Darden. Her parents had moved down from Cheyenne, Wyoming and had spent a winter here. She was a junior in high school when they decided they wanted to get married. He was working construction at the time, but Eva’s dad wanted him to go to Cheyenne to see if he could start as an apprentice to become a lather. They decided he would go up there and work for awhile until she got out of school. They had planned on waiting until her birthday. She had become a member of the church while she was here. She had not been a member a year yet so they were going to wait this long and then come home and be married in the temple.

After they got up there, Bill, [Eva’s dad] had made arrangements for Larry to buy a trailer house to get ready to have a place to live. [As soon as] they saw the trailer house, they couldn’t wait so he called home and wanted our permission to be married up there. We gave them our permission. Before he left, he had seen the stake president to be interviewed to be an elder [and] he passed. I didn’t know whether they could be married up there and come back that soon and be married in the temple, so I got all the information. With that far to travel they gave them permission to marry. They could have come down and [been] married in the temple. In the meantime, I don’t know what went wrong. I had all the plans made for them to be married here and have the reception down here, but they didn’t come. He never [was] married in the temple. I still hope he will. They are expecting a baby this May [1969]. We are [very] excited about that. They have been married four years.

FH: Is this their first [child]?

LJ: Yes, and they are doing [very] well. He is doing [very] well in his work. We went up there a couple of years ago to visit them. His father-in-law told us how well his boss liked him and what a fine job he does. Work gets quite scarce there in the winters, but Larry doesn't have too much trouble finding jobs. He is a good worker.

FH: One of these days you will be going to the temple.

LJ: I sure hope so. I am living for that day. [It] just about broke my heart when they didn't.

FH: [Can you tell me about] the third child?

LJ: That was Christine Jensen. She was born July 7, [1948]. She really brought a lot of joy.

FH: Is she the only girl?

LJ: Yes, she is our only girl.

FH: I think that is something out of ten [births]. [Laughter] I bet she is a little bit spoiled.

LJ: Not really. [Laughter] So many people ask if she is spoiled, but after they know her a little while they know she is not spoiled. She is a [very] good girl. She helped me so much. I remember when she was [young] her brothers, Larry and "Ken," idolized her. They wanted to love her all the time, but she didn't want any of that. She would let out one of her shrieks, shrill cries every time they would come towards her. They were both [very] affectionate and thought she was perfect. Then, when they [were] a little bit older, they were playing a game one day, identifying animals. One would go like a cow and ask what it was. Soon one [of them] let out a real high shriek and said, "What is that?" And right off — Christine [was the answer]! [Laughter]

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LJ: She was a plump baby until she was about eight or nine months old. [Then] she [became] tall and skinny and that is the way she has been all [of] her life. She was [very] skinny in kindergarten and first grade. She liked school, [but] she was shy. She didn't run around too much with girlfriends. She is quiet [and] everyone likes her, but she is kind of hard to get acquainted with. She went to grade school and high school here in Mesquite. I guess she was like all the other girls, they liked the boys, but she never said too much about it. She was always shy. She never

went with a boy until she was sixteen years old. I was kind of strict with my only daughter. I tried to bring her up [with] church standards and [inaudible]. We shouldn't let our children go on dates and go steady [with boys] until they are sixteen [years old]. When she started to go [out] with boys, she didn't go with very many. Then, when she started going with Dan [Rumell Reber], I guess it was love right off.

FH: She was just like her mother, she knew right away! [Laughter]

LJ: [Laughter] They went together [during] their senior year [of high school]. Then she went to Salt Lake [City] to business college and he went up there to [a] electronic trade school. She graduated and [finished] her course in September and they were married in October. She came home and in two [or] three weeks made her own wedding dress. They were married in the temple on October [7, 1947]. It was a beautiful occasion. So many of my folks were there — all of my brothers and sisters came to the reception. We had an extra big [reception] that night [and] the chapel was overflowing. [Dan] has lots of relatives too. We had a real family reunion.

[It was] really a joyful time. It seems like everybody comes out when [people] get married in the temple so much more than they do if they don't. She was always a good girl. I never did have to complain about her because she always minded me. She never ran around, I always knew where she was. She wasn't a minute's trouble to me.

FH: Where does she live now?

LJ: After they were married, they went back to Salt Lake [City] to live while Dan finished school. [They] stayed there that next winter [and] in June they came home. He was looking for work in Las Vegas when he was in a motorcycle accident and crushed his ankle. On the day that it happened, Christine and I went to St. George to get [my sons] Rodney and Phillip's tonsils out. They had just recovered and [were] coming out of the anesthetic when they wheeled Dan in. He was only in the hospital there about forty-five minutes and they got an airplane and took him right to Salt Lake [City]. The doctors in St. George weren't able to do anything for [him].

He went to Salt Lake [City] and was there [for] a couple of weeks. He had to have several pins and screws in his ankle. [When] he came home, he was laid up all summer long. He was in a cast [from his ankle] to his hip. She worked in the telephone office all summer and at the store, after [her shift at the telephone office], until he was able to go back to work. They are living at Indian Springs [Nevada] now. He has a good job out there.

FH: [Tell about] the number four [child]?

LJ: Jeffery Linn [Jensen] is my fourth child. He was born June 5, [1950]. He will be nineteen [years old] this June. "Jeff" is [very] special. They all are, but he has always been very loving and kind to the [younger] children. Phillip thinks the sun sets and rises in "Jeff." He was [very] active in school. "Jeff" had quite a few accidents happen to him when he was younger. Before he was two [years old], and Kelly was just a tiny baby (there are only seventeen months difference between the two), Jeffery's dad drove the truck out to the haystack to load hay. I thought he was going to take hay out to the cattle [in] the field. I was standing out in front of the house in the lane and the driveway. I had just come from Relief Society and had Kelly in my arms. Jeffery was toddling around and started running to go with his dad. I thought his dad was going forward, but instead he backed up. They had just cleaned the ditch so there was loose dirt and mud along the ditch bank. When I saw him start to back up I started to run and holler, with Kelly in my arms to catch Jeffery, but I couldn't get there in time. I was waving and screaming, but he backed right up over him. He just missed him with the back wheel and pushed him into the mud. But, from where I could see it looked like [the truck] ran right over him. He went clear past him with the front wheel before he could see me yelling and waving in the mirror. When he got out, "Jeff" was pushed right into the mud. That mud is what saved him. He had caught his little shirt, but hadn't hurt him at all.

FH: Wasn't that fortunate?

LJ: There was a woman [who] drove up and I was looking pale [holding] Kelly in my arms; he was just a tiny baby. She said, "You look like you need a cup of coffee." I said "I feel like I need to get down on my knees is what I feel like I need to do." [Emotional] It was a miracle is what it was. [Emotional]

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LJ: When he ["Jeff"] was older, we had dairy cattle. We had [an] electric wire fence to keep them out of the field. He ["Jeff"] went down to get the milk cows. There was a ditch that he had to cross and he took a stick to push the wires down to step across. It was wet and he slipped. The wire came up and he was stuck there and couldn't move. "Ken" was with him, but on the other side of the field. When "Jeff" didn't move he saw what was happening, so he had to run clear to the dairy barn to turn the switch [on] the electric fence [off]. Then he got me and we ran down there and he picked him up. He was unconscious. He was [very] white, had vomited and acted like he didn't know [anyone]. "Ken" carried him to the house and we put him to bed. In just a few minutes he was okay.

FH: That was a close one.

LJ: It was [very] close. Another time, "Jeff" was down getting the milk cows. One of the cows had just had a calf and the cow rooted him all over the field. [Laughter] "Jeff" has had quite a few close calls. I feel like he has a mission to fulfill.

FH: You are blessed with [him having grown] up to [be] nineteen years old!
[Laughter]

LJ: [Laughter] Yes. There is something I forgot to tell about Christine. She was completely run over [by] a big Ford tractor tire. [She] and “Jeff” were riding on the back of the tractor on a scraper. I think [my husband] was scraping. He lifted this up to back up, she fell off and he backed up completely right over her. It just knocked the breath out of her. We took her to the doctor and she was bruised but no —

FH: It is a miracle they could stand! [Laughter]

LJ: It is. Jeffery was always active in church. [He] was president in his priesthood quorum. He was also president of FFA. I forgot to say that Larry was president of FFA and he did a [very] good job. “Jeff” came in second in the FFA speech contest in Reno, Nevada. We were quite proud of that. He worked at Mike [Burns’] 66 [Service] Station last summer and [received] a \$200.00 scholarship through the FFA to go to [the] University of Nevada at Reno. He went there the first semester, but he didn’t like it in Reno. School has been [very] hard for “Jeff.” He worked hard in school, but somewhere he missed out and didn’t get the fundamentals he should have had. He kind of wanted [be a] veterinarian, but he couldn’t make it in chemistry. The environment in Reno really depressed Jeffery. He wasn’t happy at all at [the] school or at the dorm where he stayed. His first roommate was quite a character. He got drunk quite a lot and then [“Jeff”] found out that he was taking dope. “Jeff” didn’t know it until the cops raided their room and asked him a bunch of questions. They caught his roommate and carried him off to the jug [jail] for a time. Then they released him and he came back and started putting girlie posters on the wall. “Jeff” said [the posters] couldn’t stay and they got in a big fight. “Jeff” called home and said the posters came down and his roommate left. I was [very] proud that “Jeff” was willing to stand up for what he thought was right even if he had to have a fight to put over his point.

When [“Jeff”] came home for Christmas, he was [very] restless and didn’t know whether he wanted to go back to school or not. He went back to finish the semester and then he transferred over to a junior college [Lassen Community College] in Susanville, California. It is just eighty miles from Reno. He likes it better up there and is doing better in school.

FH: I think this happens with quite a few [students]. They get along better in a junior college.

LJ: While he was home for Christmas vacation, he went in for [his] tithing settlement. The bishop told him to start thinking about going on a [LDS] mission this spring. After he [was] back [in] school, he telephoned home and wanted our advice [on] whether to quit [school], come home and get a job, or to go on to school. We told

him we thought he should stay in school, but if he decided to go on a mission we would find the money some way to send him. We hope that he will decide to go on a mission because “Jeff” is going to make a good missionary. He writes [letters] home now that are just like a missionary. [Emotional] He writes about family home evening and —

FH: It sounds like he is already a missionary. [Laughter]

LJ: He is! [Laughter]

FH: [Tell about your] number five [child]?

LJ: [Our] number five [child] is Kelly [Bundy Jensen, born October 24, 1951] [Laughter] He is our character. No matter what you say to him, he has an answer right back. [Laughter] He is always full of fun, mischief and sarcasm. [Laughter] He is a happy-go-lucky [fellow]. He doesn’t think seriously about too many things that I know of. He has always minded and didn’t ever give me any kind of trouble as far as that goes, but he is not too interested in school. He thinks more of [having] a good time than he does of his schoolwork. But he is FFA president again. [Laughter] He is doing a [very] good job there.

FH: It runs in the family, doesn’t it?

LJ: Yes, [laughter] I told Mr. Reid when Kelly became president last spring, “I hope you can stand nine of them because I’m out to have nine” [Laughter] He said “Well, I am sure willing to try.” [Laughter] Kelly has had quite a few experiences. I should have mentioned that “Jeff”, Larry and Kelly went to Kansas City for the FFA. He also works in the church with the Priesthood. He is active in his Priesthood work. I haven’t had any trouble with —

FH: He is coming right along like a good Mormon boy!

LJ: He doesn’t know what he wants to do when he gets out of high school. I don’t think that he will go to college. I would like to see him go to [a] trade school, but he can’t make up his mind. He says he is going to join the [United States] Navy, but I think he is trying to pull my leg there. I don’t think he will until he has to.

FH: Isn’t that what you hope?

LJ: [Laughter] Yes. I asked [Kelly] what he is going to [do] when he gets out of school and he says he is going to be a professional bum. [Laughter] So that is the kind of character he is; not really, but that is how he jokes [with] me. He is gone on his [inaudible] trip now. [Laughter] He graduates this spring [1969].

FH: [Tell about your] number six [child]?

LJ: That is Andrew Ray [Jensen]. He is altogether different from Kelly. He is shy and awkward. When he was [younger], the children couldn't tease him or he would cry. He never did fight for his rights like most of them have. He was just different, that was all. He would never fight for anything or try to get what he wanted, he would cry for it. I didn't know if he was ever going to come out of it, but several years ago he decided that is what he is going to do. He will stand up for his rights anywhere. [Laughter] I didn't know for a long time whether he was going to or not. He is easily hurt.

FH: [Is he] sensitive?

LJ: [He is very] sensitive. He will be sixteen this coming birthday. [He was born September 13, 1953.]

[Paul Trenton Jensen was born September 12, 1955 in St. George, Washington County, Utah.]

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

LJ: — and he stayed a week [laughter] or more. I just thought grandpa will have him do a lot of chores and he will get tired of it. Grandpa was alone and was glad for Richard [Jensen born May 18, 1959] to come and stay with him, so he didn't do anything to make Richard want to come back home. His cousins, Kevin [Jensen] and Theron [Jensen], lived closer up there. They would go up and play and have a good time. He would go with them and he was really enjoying it up there. He didn't have to do anything. [Laughter] I would stop and ask how he was once in a while, but I never did invite him to come back home. I thought I would let him stay until he was ready to come home. It kind of hurt, but I thought we would both learn a lesson by it. [Laughter] His dad stopped one day and finally thought it was about time he was coming home. [He] said, "Well, you want to come home?" He had started crying and said he was ready to come home. He was missing us more than he had put [on]. He was [very] good for a long time after that. [Laughter]

FH: [Inaudible] That was a good lesson for him. We have two more [children]. Who is next?

LJ: This is Rodney Laine [Jensen]. He was born August 1, [1964]. He was quite the character. There are five years between him and Richard, so we were really hungry for a baby to love. We spoiled him rotten. There were a lot of us to spoil him. [Laughter]

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LJ: He was [very] active when he was a baby. We had a little walker [to] put him in when he was six months old. By the time he was seven [months old], he could lift

up this walker through a rough place in the yard, carry it over and then set it down and go again. That is how strong [he was]. He was active, but he never walked any sooner than the other children. He was about eleven months [old] before he walked. But [at] about two [or] three months before he walked all he needed was a finger [to hold] and he would walk us all up the road. We tried to give [tire] this child out and we just couldn't. One [of us] would walk until they were tired and we would trade. He would bawl if we quit, so somebody was walking him from the time he got up until he would go to sleep. He was constantly walking. Then when he got old enough to be outside alone, he was just born an outsider, he was like the song *Don't Fence Me In*. He wanted to be out in the open. I fenced the backyard. I thought I could put him out there and let him play. If he was outside in the yard he was out in the fields, out in the corral, and everywhere. So I thought I could make a playpen out there for him so he couldn't get out and still he could be outside, but he wasn't satisfied. He would scream bloody murder when I would put him in [the play pen], but if I would open the gate he was just as happy as he could be. He was all over this neighborhood.

[It wasn't until] he was big enough that I would dare let him go at all. For the first year and a half I was with him constantly. I spent most of my time outside to keep him quiet. When he [was] about two and a half [years old], I would put red shirts on him so I could spot him. He had a dog and a cat that followed him everywhere he went. A lot of times he wouldn't answer me even if he could hear me. But if I called the dog then I would know which direction he would be in because the dog would come and I would see where he was coming [from]. He would go over in the field and bring the horses in when he was two [or] three years old [inaudible]. Everywhere he would go this cat and dog were with him. He will [start] kindergarten next fall.

FH: [Tell] now about the number ten [child]?

LJ: The number ten [child] is really special. I didn't feel too good the evening after Rodney was born. I had a lot of trouble. [Emotional] I had trouble all the time I carried Phillip [Orvel Jensen] and he was [a] caesarian [birth on April 13, 1966]. At first, he wasn't strong like my other babies had been. He held up his head, but he never straightened out his feet or tried to stand on his feet if I put him against my shoulders. [Emotional] I knew right from the first, and I kept telling the doctors, that he wasn't strong like my other babies. I knew something was wrong with him, but they kept saying [that] a lot of babies are that way. [Emotional] They kept telling me [to] wait and wait. I waited and he never crawled until he was a year and a half [old]. When he started, he just rolled over and over to get things. He did that for almost six [or] eight months. He was older before he started crawling on all fours. I finally connected with the [Washington] County [Public Health] nurse and she got me an appointment to see a specialist in Las Vegas. I went to him for a year, but he kept telling me to wait. He never did tell me what he thought was wrong with [Phillip]. If he knew I don't know. After a year he finally told me that he needed therapy. I started taking him to the Easter

Seal Clinic in Las Vegas. Once a week I would drive down there and they would only work on him for about fifteen minutes. I felt like he wasn't getting enough [therapy] so I went to see a private therapist that was down there, Dale Frehner. He was originally from Mesquite. He said that he would work on him three or four times a week. At first he said, "I think he needs braces on his legs to hold his knees." Dr. Scully, who I had taken him to [earlier], wouldn't prescribe braces so he couldn't put them on.

In the meantime, I told him that I had an appointment with Dr. Pemberton [in] Salt Lake [City]. I was going to take [Phillip] to him [to] see what he thought. He [Dale Frehner] said go ahead and take him and get him the kind of therapy prescribed I should use and ask him about braces. I took him to Dr. Pemberton and he was the first one who told me that he had a defect in his spine. He said therapy won't help him and braces wouldn't either. He was not ready for braces. Still, I didn't feel good about it. I felt like in this modern day when so many miracles have been performed in medicine [and] so [many] advances [are] taking place, surely there was something they could do for [Phillip]. I connected with Dr. Harris in Las Vegas, who is a specialist in that field. He was the first one who took x-rays.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LJ: He told me the same thing Dr. Pemberton told me, that he had a defect in his spine and therapy wouldn't help him and neither would braces. But he felt eventually that [the spine] would grow together and he would be able to walk. I said, "When doctor? How long do you think it will be?" He said, "I don't know that, but I will predict that by the time he is in junior high he will be walking."

[Phillip] is a special little spirit [and] talked [very] early. He is [very] smart. He was talking by the time he was a year and a half [old]. [He would put] several words together and was making sentences before he was two. Sometimes we don't use [very] good language around here and he would say, "That is naughty. Don't say those naughty words." He is so cute and a special little spirit. I am sure he was sent for a purpose, to straighten us out, [to] be more humble and count our many blessings. [Emotional] We only have to look around to see so many other little children [who] are defected in so many worse ways than he is, [so we should] count our blessings.

FH: It is a blessing that you feel [he] will be alright one of these days. That is a wonderful thing to look forward to. During these years you have been having your family, and keeping busy, have you done [any] church work?

LJ: Yes, I have always managed to be active in the church. The gospel means so much to me. [Emotional] If I can't go to church on Sunday, I don't feel like the week has ended. [Emotional] I was a Primary teacher when I started to raise my family [and a] MIA teacher. I was Relief Society president when I was six months

[pregnant] with Andrew. I served in the presidency for two and a half years and I gained much from it.

FH: [Are you] still active in the Relief Society?

LJ: Yes, I [was released from] Relief Society president, [but] I have been a teacher for years and years.

FH: What department do you teach now?

LJ: I am spiritual —

FH: [Are you a] theology teacher?

LJ: They call it the spiritual living lesson now. I have [taught] that [for] a year and a half. [While] in that position, [I have] also [been] in the Primary presidency as first counselor in the Primary.

FH: Your church means a lot to you and it seems to me you have had a tremendous experience in life. Especially for a person your age, you seem to have had a lot of living. I think you are very well-qualified to give advice and counsel to your descendants, those who come after you. Would you like to do that?

LJ: It has always been hard for me to express [emotional] my feelings. I have a strong testimony because I know it is true. [Emotional] My greatest desire is that my children would grow and gain their testimony, if they don't have it already, and that they will always be active in the church. I know if they have trouble, if they go to the Lord in prayer He will answer these prayers [emotional] because He has answered mine many times. I don't know what I would do if I couldn't go to the Lord with my troubles because I have been depressed, quite a lot in the past years. I get [very] low sometimes. [When] I do, I go to my room and kneel in prayer and ask the Lord to bless me. [Emotional] It isn't but a very short time until I feel good and feel that life is worth living. My greatest desire is that my children will walk up righteous before the Lord. I know that if they do they will gain their reward and be able to live again with their Heavenly Father that we might enjoy eternal life together.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR. END OF INTERVIEW.]